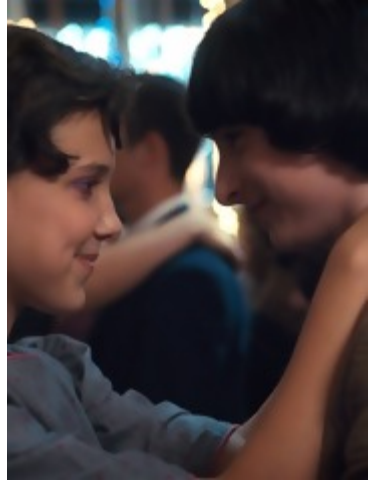

The Night of the Snow Ball by brucewaynefan

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Summary: Eleven hears some strange noises in the girls' bathroom during the Snow Ball, and the strange feelings that result lead her to explore new experiences with Mike. *This is a romantic one-shot for Mileven fans and total smut

The Night of the Snow Ball

The newly-christened Jane Hopper was a 13-year-old girl with psychic powers. She had been experimented on by the government, killed monsters from another dimension and even briefly levitated under her own power. Yet somehow, Eleven felt that having Mike Wheeler's arms around her waist as she danced slowly beneath the soft lights of the Hawkins Middle School Snow Ball was the most magical experience of her life.

The moment the party's leader, clad in a slightly oversized suit, planted his lips on hers for the second time, El saw sparks. And as they circled slowly in a crowded gymnasium full of normal teens unaware of what made the two of them special, the unique girl leaned her head against her boyfriend's shoulder, hoping this dance would never end.

The only thing that could eventually drag the couple apart six songs later was Eleven's bladder, and the shy teen blushed as she told Mike she needed to "powder her nose," a phrase Hopper taught her was the polite way to tell a boy she had to pee. She carefully made her way through the crowded gym, careful not to bump into the multitude of dancing couples, sure that many of them were having similar romantic evenings she'd hate to interrupt.

Once she made it into the girls' bathroom, she locked herself in a stall and let out a large sigh of relief. Her whole body shivered as she reveled in the momentary privacy. Though she was grateful to her adopted father for the beautiful ruffled dress he had picked out for her, the former test subject had grown used to a life of loose-fitting hospital gowns and, recently, comfortable sweatshirts while hiding out in the cabin. The belted skirt hugged her waist a little too tight, and her behind itched in the panties she had reluctantly worn at the insistence of a red-faced Hopper.

Scrunching up the dress with both hands, Eleven smiled as she pulled off the ill-fitting undergarment. It was nice to let her skin breathe again. She knew that it was improper for a lady to leave the house without panties, but she had gone most of her life without the need for underwear, and the embarrassment of discussing the subject made

Hopper much more reluctant to enforce any sort of dress code.

Kicking the pink garment across the stall floor, the young Miss Hopper relaxed as she sat on the porcelain bowl, her mind returning to thoughts of dancing with Mike, smiling as he leaned her head against her hands, realizing how wonderful her life had become since she met the party.

The bathroom door opened again, and Eleven raised an eyebrow as she realized there were two new sets of voices sharing the room with her. Surprisingly, one of them was male. Having already been taught the importance of boys' and girls' privacy, El decided this was a matter worth investigating, and she pulled her knees up to her chin, keeping her feet out of view of the strange interlopers.

The 13-year-old blushed as the recognized the telltale sounds of kissing. *"No, what's that other word?*" Eleven remembered Dustin's term: *making out*. This was more intense than anything she and Mike had tried so far, and her body began to feel hot as she imagined how in love the pair must be as they entered the stall next to hers.

As the two continued their heavy petting, El peeked under the dividing wall, noticing how close together the teens' legs were. "Come on, babe, you know I love you." Eleven couldn't help but smile as she heard the boy profess his feelings for his partner.

"I…I don't know…" the girl replied. Eleven was confused. Did she not love him too?

"Babe, it's no big deal. Everyone does it after the Snow Ball."

"I… I guess…"

"I love you, babe."

"I love you too."

El was happy that their love didn't seem to be in question anymore, but she was confused about something the boy said. Everyone does *what* after the Snow Ball? Was there something Mike hadn't told her?

She saw the girl's legs move upward, like the boy had lifted her into

his arms. Then El was shocked to see a pair of sky blue panties drop the floor. While she certainly wasn't one to question discarding uncomfortable clothing, El knew it was taboo to remove clothing in front of a boy. Her first night with the party – when she tried to strip out of her wet t-shirt – had made that lesson sink in.

There was more rustling of clothing, and Eleven had to cover her mouth to hold in a gasp as she saw the boys' dress pants and jockey shorts drop to his ankles. The kissing seemed to be growing more passionate, but the next sound was the most shocking. A long moan escaped the other girl's mouth, accompanied by a short groan from the boy. As what sounded like whimpers followed, Eleven prepared to intervene, worried the girl had been hurt.

"Are you alright? It's not too big is it?"

The whimpers were interrupted by what sounded like a stifled giggle, before the girl managed to regain her composure. "Y-yeah, I mean n-no…. I-I'm good…."

"I'm gonna start moving."

Eleven was so confused now, but the movement picked back up. The boys' legs were moving slightly, like he was swaying forward and backward. The moans and groans continued, and it also sounded like the girl's hair and back were rubbing against the tiled wall above the toilet. Even stranger was a sort of wet slapping noise, perfectly in rhythm with the boy's legs.

Though strange, the sounds were also somehow familiar. As Eleven tried to place the noises, she realized her body was starting to feel odd. It was like a warmth was growing in her lower belly, then spreading throughout her insides. Her head felt a little fuzzy, but the heat was especially strong around her private areas. She carefully lifted her dress, trying not to make noise.

Her eyes grew as she noticed her thighs were growing damp and she finally recognized when she had last felt this sensation.

Before she had reunited with the party, Eleven had been sequestered in the cabin for a year. With the exception of Hopper, she was

completely alone, and she couldn't stand being apart from Mike. Each night, ignoring her guardian's warnings, she tapped into her powers, and visited that strange dark place Papa used to send her to. And from there, she always found her way to that room: the fort in Mike's basement, where she had first tasted Eggos and told the boy of her dreams all about her worries.

Mike was usually sad when she visited; lonely. Sometimes, she thought he could feel her presence, but other times it was like she was a ghost. Most nights he'd try and contact her through the radio. Others he would just lie in bed with his thoughts.

But the sounds and sensations reminded El of two nights in particular. Mike had gone to bed early and was wrapped so tightly in his blankets she could barely see him. His back was to her, and there were strange noises escaping his lips: groans like those coming from the mysterious boy in the other stall. And strange wet sounds accompanied those gasps, like Mike was rubbing something sticky in his hands, in rhythm with slight movements beneath the sheets.

And just like this moment in the bathroom, Eleven began to feel this strange lightheadedness. Her stomach was hot and her thighs were damp, and she had an overwhelming urge to touch her privates.

Though she was unable to see exactly what it was Mike had done those nights, Eleven realized this special feeling had something to do with the love these teens were sharing. And if everyone did this special thing on the night of the Snow Ball, then she had to know exactly what it was.

Unable to stop her fingers, the 13-year-old started to slowly massage her lower lips – her "vagina" as she recalled Max telling her. Hopper had mentioned briefly that she'd need a woman to explain more to her about "feminine" things and her body, but he was too nervous to explain further, and that conversation hadn't occurred yet.

Leaning up against the back wall, using one hand to support herself as the other explored her vulva, the curious girl peeked through the gap between the stalls, and her eyes grew even larger as she saw the strange act going on next door.

The girl's outfit was a mess. What El was sure had been a beautiful dress was scrunched up in a wrinkled pile around her waist. Above, the girl's bare chest was on display to her lover, her small breasts bouncing in the open air. Below, the teen's ass was similarly exposed, though her vagina was obscured by the boy. At first El's thoughts were focused on the nudity. Wasn't it embarrassing for the two to have their most private body parts visible to each other?

Then she saw the boy's *thing*. With each thrust backward, El noticed a big hard appendage attached between the boy's legs. And it seemed to be going *inside* the girl's vagina. Eleven let out a gasp as her eyes become glued to this strange body part. It seemed to be what the boy had in place of a vagina, and she wondered if that was the reason boys and girls weren't allowed to be naked together.

It soon became apparent that the couple's moans were timed to the moments the boy's things thrust inside the girl, and from their faces El realized the strange act must be making them feel really good. Instinctively, the new girl began to rub her fingers against her opening harder, accidentally pushing two of them inside. She quickly covered her mouth with her other hand, careful not to let her escaping moan alert the two to her eavesdropping.

She backed away from the gap and looked back down at her own privates. Her vagina and thighs had become even damper since she started watching the show, and the heat in her nether regions had strengthened. As she continued to rub herself almost mindlessly, she wondered if Mike had a big hard *thing* between his legs like that other boy. Could that be what he was playing with when she spied on him those nights?

The curious teen was only snapped back to reality when a long high-pitched moan from the other girl put all of the previous noises to shame.

"H-here it comes, babe! T-take it all!" Eleven squeezed her legs together against her hand, trying to keep her head clear as she considered the boy's last exclamation. What was coming? How was the girl taking it?

The bathroom fell silent again, and Eleven didn't dare move her

fingers again, worried she might have alerted the pair to her presence. Then the rustling of clothes resumed, and the new girl in town realized the couple was redressing. Unlike their initial hurried movements, the pair seemed sluggish and disinterested now. El couldn't help but feel the air had become awkward as neither teen spoke another word.

She was surprised when the other door opened and the teens filed out. She had been expecting more kisses or at least one more "I love you" from each of them. *"Did they do it wrong?"* she wondered. *"Did the girl not take it all*?"

Her mind racing with questions again, Eleven suddenly realized she had been sitting in the bathroom for much longer than she intended. Mike was sure to be worried about her, and she didn't want him to think she wasn't enjoying the dance.

Besides, she had so much to ask him about. This was the boy who had told her about the Snow Ball in the first place the previous year. Surely he knew what it was everyone did afterwards. And in all the excitement involving the Upside Down, the nights she found him squirming in bed had completely slipped her mind until now.

The curly-haired brunette rushed to fix her dress, smoothing it out against her legs before unlocking the stall. With her mind racing, she completely forgot about picking her panties back up, and blushed as she felt the air rush by her exposed nether regions as she stepped out the door, back into the crowded gym.

The mass of slowly swaying middle schoolers intimidated her at first, El having momentarily forgotten about how packed the dance was during her respite in the bathroom. But it wasn't long before she located Mike's familiar face near the punch table, pale as always and biting the edge of his lip in worry.

"Mike!" she shouted as she waved from across the room, before pushing her way through the throngs of teens, briefly forgetting the "ladylike manners" Hopper had taught her. Her date sighed in relief as he raised his hand in response, stepping forward slightly to greet her.

He was a little shocked when she almost immediately collapsed into his arms, embracing him tightly. His usually colorless face flushed red as he noticed a few of the other single students staring, but he was more concerned with El's behavior than with others' opinions.

"El, is something wrong?!" He gently placed his hands on her shoulders, gazing directly into her swollen brown eyes with his own. "Are you okay?"

Eleven smiled back, trying to reassure him. "I-I'm okay, Mike." He sighed in relief as he embraced her back, his mind finally able to relax again. Then he noticed that something was off about her. Her face was red and she seemed to be sweating. He reached up to feel her curls, noticing that they were all frizzed up on one side, where her head had leaned against the bathroom wall during her eavesdropping.

"Are you sure, El? You know you can tell me anything."

The girl only smiled wider as she saw how much Mike cared for her, and surprised him by leaning in for another kiss – the first she had initiated. Wheeler's eyes nearly bulged out as her forwardness surprised him. Furthermore, her skin felt warm to the touch, and there was something *wild* about this kiss he hadn't felt in their previous endeavors.

When it broke, for the first time Mike was the one in minor shock, with El's smile starting to fade as she saw his concern.

"E-El, wh-what was that…?"

"Do you… love me, Mike?"

Mike's jaw fell open. "O-of course, El! Of course I love you!"

More heads turned to the pair as Mike realized how loudly he had responded. He turned an even deeper shade of red, but was glad to see Eleven's smile return.

"G-good. I love you too, Mike." El's body was already all warm and flustered, but hearing Mike say those words made her tingle even more.

"I-is there something I should do, El? A-am I not sh-showing how much I love you enough? Because I promise, I… I love you with all my heart!"

Mike had never had a girlfriend before, and he couldn't help but worry about all the ways he could screw this up and lose her. His own sister Nancy had issues telling a certain someone she loved him, and Mike didn't want his romance to end the way hers did.

El's look grew serious again as she saw the perfect moment to ask. "Mike, will you… go to the bathroom… with me?"

Of all the words that might have left her lips next, those were not ones Mike expected. He was stunned for a second, his lip beginning to hang open.

"T-to the bathroom?" He tilted his head. "I don't understand, El. W-were you not able to find the girls' room?"

She shook her head. "I-I want to go… with you. I want to do what… *everyone* does… after the Snow Ball."

Mike's brain was only twisted in greater knots by this additional information. "What… everyone does? I-I don't understand, El."

El started to bite her lip. She considered repeating the age-old mantra of "Friends don't lie" for a second, before she realized that Mike was honestly confused. The curious teen began to blush again as she realized she'd have to describe what she saw.

She held her hands behind her back, taking a second to consider her words. "Well… in the girls' bathroom… there was a boy… and a girl… and they were in love…"

Mike raised an eyebrow in confusion, but it only took a couple of seconds before his mind worked out where his girlfriend's story was headed. "E-El, did these kids do something… weird?" He wasn't sure what Eleven knew about sex, if anything, and he was choosing his words carefully.

Eleven nodded. "They… got each other… naked. And they touched their privates… together." As she described, El motioned toward her

groin, feeling the wetness increase as she recalled the strange act.

Worried someone might overhear, Mike suddenly grabbed El's arm and pulled her to the closest wall, away from any potential eavesdroppers. "E-El, d-did you… did you watch what they did?"

The curious girl nodded again, starting to worry that she had done something wrong. "The boy… he said everyone does it after the Snow Ball."

Mike's face felt like it was on fire now, especially as he realized the effect the experience was having on Eleven's body.

"A-and the boy… he had this… big long thing… where the v-vagina goes."

Hearing the V-word leave Eleven's lips was too much for Wheeler, and he took a sudden sharp breath. A loud hiccup escaped his throat, and his mind raced as he realized a few kids nearby had turned to stare, wondering what the commotion was.

Both teens froze up, feeling the eyes on them. Though their awkward expressions kept a few confused glares on them, they were relieved when attention turned back to the dance.

"M-Mike…?" Eleven was worried she had done something wrong.

"I'm f-fine," Mike managed to reply before taking another deep breath, slower this time to calm himself down. "El, y-you really shouldn't have watched that. I-it's just some gross stuff guys make girls do."

El blushed. "Gross?" She looked down, feeling ashamed at how good her body felt from spying on something Mike thought was gross. "D-does that mean… liking it… makes me gross?"

Mike balled his hands into fists, cursing himself in his head for saying the wrong thing. "That's not… You're the furthest thing from gross, El!" He stepped forward and smiled at El, pushing her slightly frazzled curls from her face. "It's… well, it's completely normal to feel like that."

El was confused now. Mike was giving her mixed messages. While he was definitely confused earlier, she felt like he wasn't telling her the truth now. She narrowed her eyes. "Mike, friends don't lie."

Mike opened his mouth again, then closed it slowly as he realized he was out of excuses. He thought for a second. "Sorry. I just…" He was stumbling over his words now. "I just… never thought I'd have to explain this…"

El leaned forward and took his hands, repeating his previous movements and brushing his own hair aside. Her boyfriend couldn't help but smile at the motion, and she smiled back. "Explain?"

Wheeler swallowed hard. "W-well, those two in the bathroom… they were… having s-sex." Even as he whispered the last two words, Mike couldn't help but look around, worrying someone had overheard.

Eleven tilted her head. "Sex?" The word was familiar to her, though she didn't understand its meaning. It had come up multiple times on television shows the girl had flipped through while bored out of her mind in Hopper's cabin. Once, she had asked her guardian what it meant, and he had turned almost as red as Mike was now.

"You're not old enough to know that," he had said.

But Mike was no older than her, and it seemed like he knew.

"What is sex?"

Mike swallowed again. "It's something… something two people do together… when they love each other."

El thought over his words. "Like us?"

Mike's eyes grew wide. "N-no! I mean… yes, I guess? B-but…"

His partner started to frown again. And he could sense another "Friends don't lie" coming. "I mean… It's something really big… Y-you're not supposed to do it unless…"

"Unless?"

"Unless you're absolutely sure… that the person you do it with… is special."

El started to look down at her feet again, her eyes shimmering. "Am I… not special?"

Mike shook his head furiously. "Of course you're special! Y-you're the most special person in the entire universe, El!" He reached out and embraced her again, trying his hardest to stop her tears.

She looked up again, her big brown eyes staring back into his. "Y-you're special too, Mike." He started to smile again, but her next words immediately spoiled it again. "But you don't… want to have s-sex… with me?"

Mike returned her stare for a few moments, trying to find a way to explain the enormity of sex. He took another deep breath.

"El, h-having sex with you… w-would be the most amazing thing I can even imagine… I-I just want to be sure you know *you're* ready to do it... with me."

The girl of Mike's dreams started to give him a puppy-dog look, and he felt his heart melt as she leaned in for another kiss. But he was confused for a moment when he felt her slender fingers wrap around his left hand and guide it toward her.

His bewilderment was quickly replaced with shock as he realized where she was placing his hand. Though the dress Hopper had pick out was rather modest, the material was thin, and Mike's face turned crimson as his fingers felt the curvature of El's moistened lower lips, already dampening her skirt from the contact.

"Does feeling… like *this*… mean I'm ready?"

All reason quickly drained from Wheeler's head. His blood seemed to be flowing somewhere else as well. "El… y-you're… w-wet…"

She nodded again, continuing to give a serious look. "My body feels… fuzzy… and warm. Like when we kiss… but better." As Eleven continued to hold her boyfriend's hand against her genitals, she felt something new rub against her – a protrusion from Mike's pants.

The curious girl's eyes widened as she realized this must be the strange hard thing the other boy had, and she again recalled the nights she spied on Mike. "A-and… I felt this way too… when I heard you… make those noises."

With the blood now concentrated in his nether regions, Mike's face had drained of color. "N-noises?"

"I-in bed… Moaning… and… w-wet noises." El felt the bulge grow larger. "Y-you moved… like the boy in the bathroom…"

Mike's brain was overloaded now. He had too many thoughts and too little blood to handle this revelation. *"El saw me jacking off?! Wait, she wants to have* sex *and she doesn't even know what jacking off is?! Shit, has she even played with herself before? I-I can't just have sex with her! Th-that'd be taking advantage… She needs to have the talk with… who would even have it? Hopper? Joyce? Maybe I should get Max… Fuck, no, then Max would find out I jerk off to El…"*

Meanwhile, as his mind raced, the 13-year-old's mouth could only manage to tremble and stutter, his body heating up intensely as the more lucid thoughts were interrupted by fantasies: thoughts of El naked, El masturbating, El fucking! His erection was straining against his pants and his hand was still pressed between her increasingly damp thighs.

"M-Mike…?"

Mike let out a nervous gasp, his voice cracking. "E-El, I…!"

El put a finger to his lip. "Mike… do you love me?"

He nodded.

"Then… please… h-have sex with me."

There was no objecting to that. El wanted it bad, and Mike was going to give it to her.

The horny teenage boy turned to scan the gym. Adult chaperones blocked most of the doors, and even if they went for the main entrance, Nancy would certainly question their intentions. Even

worse, Mike knew that Hopper was sure to be close by regardless of how much he trusted El, and the sheriff would probably stop the pair the second they reached the parking lot.

"Wh-where should we do it?"

El was confused. The answer seemed obvious. "Bathroom? Like… the others?"

"*Shit,"* Mike thought. One of the kinkiest fantasies a middle school boy could imagine was just basic romance to this maladjusted girl. A more put-together Mike might explain to his girlfriend that a school bathroom was not the best place to lose one's virginity. But Mike's brain was controlled by infatuation and lust at the moment, and he found his legs piloting him toward the restrooms as his hand took El's.

The couple saw heads turning as they made their way across the gym. Surely some of these teens knew the horny pair's intentions, but neither could care less at the moment. Everything seemed like a haze until Wheeler found himself in front of the bathroom doors.

Just then, a trio of girls filed into the lady's room, giggling excitedly while barely taking notice of the pair. Mike turned to El. "Wait here for a sec." He let go of her hand before pushing open the door to the boys' room, sighing in relief as he saw the white-tiled room was empty. Guys didn't patronize the bathroom as often as their female counterparts, and the oversexed teen wanted as few distractions as possible if he was going to make love to his dream girl.

Making sure the coast was clear in the hallway as well, the teenage dungeon master took hold of his mage's hand once again and hurried her into the lavatory. Both teens could feel their hearts beating rapidly as they raced to the stall furthest from the entrance and locked themselves in.

It was only after sliding the lock into place and turning to gaze upon Eleven's sweaty, smiling form that the full weight of the situation hit Mike. This was really happening. All of his fantasies were coming true. He embraced his dream girl once again and – though their kissing skills had not increased one iota – they somehow felt this

make-out session exuded raw passion. Their tongues clumsily protruded into each other's' mouths, each mimicking an act they had only seen on TV, hoping to impress their respective lover with an awkward attempt at a French kiss.

By the time the pair separated, both of their bodies felt like they were on fire. El continued to smile at her lover as she reached down to grasp the hem of her dress, before lifting it to reveal her soaking wet pussy.

"Mike… you made me like this…"

The dungeon master's eyes nearly burst from his head upon seeing his girlfriend giving such a lewd display. "El… y-you're not wearing u-underwear?"

El giggled. "P-panties are… uncomfortable… I feel good like this…" She spread her legs a bit, causing her lips to open and release more glistening juices. "D-do you like it?"

Mike nodded furiously. "Y-you're soooo sexy, El!"

El's cheeks were so red. She was worried that Mike wouldn't want to see her privates, but his crimson face and the massive bulge in his dress pants were communicating otherwise.

Mike stepped forward slowly, his hands shaking. "C-can I t-touch it… your p-pussy, I mean?"

His girlfriend tilted her head. "My… pussy?"

Mike felt like steam was going to come out of his ears. "I-I mean…" He pointed awkwardly at the gap between her legs while stammering. "D-down there…. Y-your pr-privates…"

El's smile returned as she realized what he meant. "My… vagina?"

The boy nodded even harder than before.

El nodded back. "P-pussy sounds… cute. You can… touch my pussy, Mike."

The dark-haired boy nearly tripped over himself as he embraced his lover again. One hand wrapped around her back as the other moved lower. They stared into each other's' eyes for a second, each feeling the agonizing wait as Mike's fingers nervously shivered on the way up her bare leg. Finally, El took the initiative, and reached down to grasp his wrist. Wheeler froze as his left hand was guided between his girlfriend's legs once more, this time with no fabric to separate his digits from her soaking wet genitals.

There was a high-pitched whimper, and Mike was almost surprised it hadn't come from his own mouth as his fingers pressed against El's delicate pussy lips. "E-El, a-are you alright? Sh-should I stop?!"

El was more than alright. The feeling of her boyfriend's shivering fingers against her most sensitive area was heaven to the inexperienced teen. Though she had rubbed it herself in the past, somehow the contact being with someone else made it ten times better. Her knees started to quiver, and she accidentally let go of her skirt, the material falling back against Mike's arm.

The sudden movement made the already nervous boy jump, and his hand pulled away as the dress fell back into place. El whimpered again as Mike's touch retreated, aching for the feeling to return. She opened her eyes, glaring into Mike's again. She knew what needed to happen next.

"M-Mike… h-help me… get naked…"

Wheeler's entire body went as rigid as his penis for a moment, and were it not for his assertive lover directing his hands back toward fringe of her dress, he wouldn't be moving at all. Luckily, instinct took over as soon as El started the upward motion for him, and he found himself raising the gown slowly up his girlfriend's insanely sexy body, revealing her bare skin inch-by-inch.

El's hips swayed, revealing the curvature of her waist and ass, her skin growing more pale as the portions of her body that had never seen the sun became visible to Mike's eyes for the first time. As her thin, flat stomach was exposed, she lifted her arms to make it possible to pull the garment over her head. After learning his girlfriend went commando, he was barely surprised when her bare A-

cup breasts revealed she was also lacking a bra, but the round perky mounds tipped with swollen pink nipples were no less enticing as they came into view.

By the time the boy's mind once again became aware of his surroundings, the spotted dress was in a heap on the tiled floor, and the beautiful Jane Hopper was standing before him in nothing but pumps, a bracelet and a hairclip. And she looked radiant.

Though she had oozed confidence seconds earlier, the totality of her exposure started to hit El. Though merely a year earlier, the former lab experiment would have stripped naked in front of three strange boys without a thought, standing without a stitch of clothing in front of the love of her life was making her anxious now. She held her hands behind her back, looking down at her own nude form as her face turned increasingly redder. She slowly lifted her big brown eyes back up to gauge Mike's reaction.

"W-well? A-am I still… pretty?"

Mike's boner was ready to burn a hole in the center of his pants. The sight of his dream girl blushing and sweating, with juices streaming down her bare legs as she waited with bated breath on his reaction was sexier than any of the porn Dustin had ever shown him.

"Y-you're b-beautiful, El! Y-you're the s-ss-sexiest girl I've ever seen!"

El smiled shyly. "S-sexy?" She knew that word from TV too, and knowing Mike thought it applied to her immature body made her feel warm to the core, the intense sexual heat notwithstanding.

The pair embraced again, Mike's tongue returning to the inside of his lover's mouth, savoring every new taste as his mind struggled to process the fact he was passionately making out with Eleven while she was completely naked. His fingers returned to her lower body under their own power this time, though they were no less fidgety and unsure.

The curly-haired girl moaned into her boyfriend's mouth as his digits made an amateur attempt to caress her outer lips, becoming slick with her juices as he tried to remember the diagram in sex ed. He

slowly directed his index finger upward, being careful not to insert it too far as he recognized the feel of her inner lips and then her urethra as he continued higher. When her moans increased and her hips bucked intensely against his stomach, he knew the curious bud pressed between his thumb and forefinger was the clitoris he had heard so much about.

Though Mike was merely struggling to apply a half hour health lesson to their current situation, he might as well have been an experienced lover with numerous sexual conquests to the naïve 13-year-old girl melting before his touch. The increasingly frequent gasps and desperate thrusts assured the boy his technique was succeeding, and he held her tighter with his free arm as he dared to venture further into El's pussy with his middle finger while continuing his assault on her clit.

Meanwhile, his erection was certainly not letting up. The swollen member continued to grind against the thin material of his jockey shorts, aching to break free and grind directly against his girlfriend's smooth skin. The obscene tent in his black trousers was rubbing against Eleven's naked belly, and while the penis was still a new concept for the girl, she could understand from his furrowed brow and furious thrusts that keeping his engorged genitals contained was causing him discomfort.

The concerned teen started to pull her head away, and Mike released his grip as he understood she needed a moment to breathe. "D-does it feel good, El? Sh-should I do something…different?"

She smiled as she saw how much her satisfaction meant to him, but shook her head. "M-Mike… are you… uncomfortable?" She lowered her eyes, and Mike followed her gaze to the bulge caressing her midsection.

He grinned back at her, still a little nervous about his own body even as she exposed her entire form to him. "A-a little, I-I guess…" He chuckled nervously, even as his fingers continued their assault on her privates.

"L-let me help…" El smirked mischievously as she gazed into her boyfriend's eyes, then leaned in for another kiss.

Mike was confused for a moment as both of her arms continued to squeeze against his back for support. Then he winced as he felt the button of his pants pop out of its hole. The zipper slid down his fly, and his face somehow turned even redder as he realized both his trousers and briefs were sliding down to his feet.

A strange wetness materialized against Mike's cheek, and he pulled away slightly to confirm his suspicions. El quickly withdrew one hand to wipe her face, but her boyfriend caught the sight of blood dripping from her nose in the split second beforehand. He raised an eyebrow, worried that using her powers in this situation was a bad idea. But his mind was starting to go fuzzy as his newly-freed cock came into contact with her stomach, and he knew one little display of telekinesis couldn't hurt.

Even with her mind preoccupied by Mike's magic fingers, the stiff rod protruding from between the boy's legs mesmerized El. She had only caught a glimpse of maybe half of the other boy's as it pumped in and out of his girlfriend. Now was the curious teen's chance to investigate one thoroughly.

"Mike… c-can I… touch y-yours?"

It took a second for Mike to understand what she meant as he continued to penetrate her cunt deeper. "Y-you mean my dick?"

"D-dick?" She considered the word for a second, smiling as she realized how naughty it sounded to say. "C-can I… touch your dick?"

Mike nodded. "I-I'd love that soooo much, El!"

Now the girl's fingers were shaking just as much as her boyfriend's were moments earlier. Even though the swollen rod was already grinding against her stomach, the thought of grasping it in her hand seemed so forbidden somehow – so exhilarating.

Wheeler shivered as her fingertips brushed against his scrotum, his sack so tight with arousal as his load prepared to fire. Eleven felt like she could barely control her body anymore as her fingers danced higher along the heated shaft, giggling nervously between moans as she continued to ride his fingers. Now there were two inside her

cunny, sliding deeper with each thrust as his thumb maintained its assault on her button.

The two 13-year-olds thrust their hips in rhythm, craving each other's skin on their most sensitive body parts more than they had ever imagined possible. A heat was building up in El's stomach, stronger than she had felt when watching Mike play with himself and growing stronger by the second. Her pussy lips were twitching against Mike's knuckles, her entrance tightening around his digits, every slight motion feeling even more intense as her juice-soaked walls gained a heightened sensitivity. As the sensation strengthened, it felt both foreign and familiar at the same time, and El moaned longer and harder.

"M-Mike!" she whimpered as she broke their kiss once more. "W-we should stop…. I… I'm going to p-pee…."

Mike smiled as he realized what she meant. "N-no El… y-you're having… an orgasm..."

She was confused. "O-orgasm?"

He nodded. "I-it's the best feeling ever, El. J-just let go and I'll make you cum…"

"*Come?*" El thought. A lightbulb shined in her head as more of the other boy's words finally made sense. This strange feeling was "coming." And she was about to *come* from Mike's fingers.

It still felt like she was about pee, and the idea of letting loose her urine all over Mike's fingers was too embarrassing to imagine. But El trusted Mike with her entire world, and if he said that "coming" would be the best feeling ever, she believed him.

The party's leader held his girlfriend tight as he felt her legs wobble, her whole body shivering in pleasure as she finally let loose. Her pussy tightened around his fingers, and her sweat-soaked body felt like a blazing fire as her orgasm wracked her entire being.

"M-Mike, I-I'm… c-coming!" As the waves of pleasure washed over her body, causing every inch of her bare skin to tingle – her perky

nipples standing on end, her hips thrusting against the boy's stomach and her fingers digging into the back of his suit jacket – her other hand suddenly gripped his penis.

El's delicate fingers wrapped around his swollen five-incher, shivering in ecstasy and sliding upward toward the head. His own hips started to buckle, and his eyes nearly bugged out as he realized he was passing the point of no return too. Though his girlfriend had only barely touched his member, his aching cock had been rubbing against the inside of his pants for longer than he could stand, and the feeling of her soft skin against his pecker had already left his glans soaked in precum.

Wheeler's mind raced, begging to hold on longer. It was his first time with a girl and he didn't want to blow his load within two minutes of dropping his pants. But as El's finger tips brushed the fringe of his mushroom cap and his tip once again made contact with her smooth stomach, he knew there was no use holding back.

Mike groaned in ecstasy as his hips furiously thrust forward, humping his girlfriend's midsection as he unloaded his hot seed all over her belly. El's fingers continued to hold him tight as thick bursts of cum splattered across her ribs and waist, a few stray drops leaking down to mix with the juices coating his fingers. The remaining drops ran down the head, glazing his shaft and El's right hand as his hips slowed, spent from the intense climax.

El was still pressed against her boyfriend's heaving chest as he leaned against the stall door. Her lower lips were incredibly sensitive and she couldn't help but whimper as Mike retracted his fingers, absentmindedly raising them to eye level and giving both teens a glimpse of their glistening juices.

As the teens caught their breath, both of their heads were still spinning. Even after 13 years of cruel experiments, Eleven's first orgasm was the most powerful sensation she had ever felt. Though Mike's climax had felt just as amazing, his lack of stamina was wracking his brain.

"E-El, I-I'm sorry…" Mike stared in his girlfriend's big brown eyes, still glistening with gratitude for the magic he did with his fingers.

The girl tilted her head in confusion, before smiling and reaching out to take his hand, her own still sticky with his load. "Why are you sorry?" Their fingers intertwined, and Mike bit his lip to keep from moaning again as his semihard member continued to rub against his girlfriend's stomach. "You made me feel… amazing…"

She leaned in for another kiss, their faces tingling as their warm lips met once again. Mike's body loosened up a bit as he realized his worries were unwarranted. Even if El had any concept of premature ejaculation, the virgin teen had still managed to make her cum before letting himself submit.

Eleven pulled away again, smiling radiantly as she saw Mike's mood had improved as well. Her eyes grew wider as she looked down, realizing the sperm on her body had rubbed against the boy's sweater vest, staining it with his own seed. "Mike… I made a mess…"

Mike couldn't help but chuckle as he realized what she was talking about. "I-it's alright El, it's my fault for cumming all over you." He let go of El to take hold of the garment, stretching it outward to inspect the stain. "G-guess I should have stripped like you did… t-to be more careful."

Eleven blushed as she imagined Mike completely naked. Though she had accidentally caught glimpses of him in various states of undress over the past year, the idea of the two of them completely bare together was almost making her head spin. She took a step back as she realized Mike was starting to disrobe, letting his oversized light brown jacket slip off his arms, before dragging the soiled sweater vest over his head. She looked down at her bare body again, and slowly wiped the creamy mess off her stomach, still curious as to what it was exactly.

With her boyfriend left in only a wrinkled white button-up shirt and red tie, his pants still in a heap on the floor and his shirt tails framing his half-swollen member, El couldn't help but giggle. She reached out with her clean hand and gently rubbed his hair, smoothing out the strands sticking out from the top, messed up by the sweater as it slid over his head.

"N-now our hair matches…" The two teens laughed at El's

observation, the girl's hair still frizzy from leaning against the wall. But as their voices fell silent, their gazes became ones of passion once again, and they embraced for another steamy kiss. They each felt more courageous this time, their hands beginning to wander across their lovers' respective bodies.

To a total stranger, the teens might have appeared to be experienced lovers by this stage. El's fingers took hold of Wheeler's buttons, freeing them from their holes and exposing his sweat-drenched chest bit by bit. Meanwhile the boy's own hands took hold of her petite yet perky butt cheeks, making her gasp into her boyfriend's mouth as a couple of digits wandered between her legs and teased her entrance once again.

Stepping away from the door, Mike found movement awkward as his legs were still tangled in his pants. His cock beginning to throb again, he unconsciously began to thrust against El's stomach, smearing the recently-cleaned skin with a new glaze of pre. Their legs entangled, El found herself stumbling backward, her perfect ass landing on the toilet seat, with her boyfriend's arms still around her, kissing her passionately while standing over her.

Neither teen could hold out any longer.

"Mike… c-can we… have sex now?" She spread her legs seductively, exposing her drenched teenage cunt.

The boy's cock twitched in response, the head purple and swollen again, a drop of pre leaking from the slit. "I-if you're sure you're ready…"

She nodded, and Mike took up position between her pale slender legs. He carefully took hold of her waist with both hands, making sure he was comfortable as he lined his throbbing member up with her virgin pussy.

"I-I think this is gonna hurt… a-at first at least… s-so t-tell me if you want to stop… o-okay El?

The girl continued to smile. She had felt a great deal of pain during her time at Hawkins Lab. She doubted making love to the boy of her

dreams could even register as discomfort.

"I-I'm g-going in then!" Mike realized how stupid the phrase sounded, but it was too late to apologize as he thrusted his hips forward, gasping as he felt Eleven's tight lower lips suck in his mushroom cap. His girlfriend gritted her teeth for a moment, her nails digging into Mike's shoulders as she felt her hymen break. But it was nothing compared to anything the party had been through over the past year, and the soreness of having her cherry popped quickly gave way to pleasure once more as her boyfriend's remaining four inches thrust inside her snug little love tunnel.

Instinct took over both teens for a moment. El found herself wrapping her legs around her lover's bare behind, pulling him in even closer and deeper. They stared into each other's eyes and saw nothing but lust as their hips slammed together, Wheeler's balls slapping against Miss Hopper's ass.

As reason returned to Mike's head, he confirmed his girlfriend's comfort one more time. "A-are you okay?"

El didn't waste a breath responding, merely pulling Mike in for another lascivious make out session. His worries quashed, the boy let instinct take over once more, and his hips began their rhythmic work, starting to pump his teenage erection in and out of his girlfriend's tight heated cunny.

The telekinetic teen followed her boyfriend's lead, her lips matching Mike's tempo and thrusting forward to meet his with each pump. Her butt lifted off the porcelain seat with a steamy rhythm, making sure the five-incher slamming inside of her kissed her womb with every thrust.

The world around the lovers seemed to melt away, even the muffled soft rock music outside the door disappearing.

Then the bathroom door swung open, and the teens froze.

"Can you believe it man? All these girls wouldn't give me the time of day when I asked, but just once dance with Nancy and suddenly they're all over me!"

Mike and El recognized Dustin's voice, growing closer alongside the footsteps.

"Girls can be… strange sometimes…" The response was undoubtedly Will's, still sounding as meek and unsure as always even after his first slow dance.

Dustin rolled his eyes as the pair of friends took their stances at two urinals just outside the occupied stall. "Come on, dude. I saw Jennifer Hayes giving you those eyes again. You just have to go and talk to her."

Byers shivered as he let his soft penis loose from his fly, already uncomfortable with conversation while urinating. "I… I don't know, Dustin. I'd probably just bother her…"

Henderson nudged his smaller friend with his shoulder, making Will jump slightly. "You've gotta be brave, Will. I know you think you can't compare with *this* head of hair." The party's dwarf gave a dramatic turn of the head, making his oversized 'do flip out of his eyes. "But if you march up to that tall drink of water, flash her your pearly whites…" Dustin's signature purring noise followed. "-and tell her to follow you out to the dance floor, there's no way she can resist."

Will's face was flush with embarrassment and he kept his head down, his eyes focused on his yellow stream as his friend's words floated around in his head. "M-maybe…"

Dustin groaned as he his own flow petered off. He was about to continue his pep talk, when a strange gasp caught his ear.

Though the 13-year-old lovers had paused their lovemaking upon hearing their friends, the two boys were taking longer than El could tolerate. Despite Mike's crimson face and bulging eyes, the oversexed young woman couldn't hold back a moment longer. Biting her lip in an attempt to contain her gasps of passion, Eleven resumed bucking her hips off the seat, her body squirming in ecstasy with every twitch of her boyfriend's rod.

Mike felt like he was losing his mind. When he had first stumbled

into the stall with El, he had nearly forgotten the potential risks of banging in a school restroom. Those worries had returned in full force at the sound of his friends' voices. The boy's face was drenched in sweat, and he couldn't believe El was continuing to ride him, her pussy walls squeezing his cock like a vice.

And yet, his cock somehow felt ten times as sensitive as it had moments earlier. Wheeler was throbbing so hard, the lovers could almost hear the beat. Getting caught half naked and fucking his fully-exposed girlfriend at the Snow Ball could ruin his life forever. But somehow, the danger made it *better*. Against all odds, Mike's hips joined Eleven's in continuing the intense, sweaty action. Even as Dustin alerted Will to the telltale noises of sex, their party's leader found himself unable to stop making love.

"Shit, Will!" Dustin had leaned back over toward his friend, once again invading his personal space. "I think there's someone *fucking* in here!" It was clear from his inflection he was trying to whisper, but his words reached the lustful pair regardless.

"Sh-shut up, Dustin!" Will's voice cracked as he attempted to sidle further away. The party's wizard was already uncomfortable peeing next to his friend, and now the sensual noises echoing throughout the boys' room were starting to get a certain reaction from his exposed member.

Both boys were turning beet red as Henderson caught a glimpse of his friend's stiffening four-incher, and he turned to look at the stall, stowing his own growing rod back inside his slacks. "Dang, Will. They really sound like they're going at it hard…" The dwarf's hand absentmindedly began to grope his package, biting his lip as the sound of Mike's dick slamming into El's cunt made him even hornier.

But the worry that two of his closest friends might walk in on him in such a compromising position was the last thing on Mike's mind. His hips were going at full speed, slamming deeper and harder into El's dripping wet pussy with every ounce of strength he had. Wheeler never thought he'd be thankful for a premature orgasm, but his previous emission was doing wonders for his stamina this round.

The lovebirds kissed once again, tongues exploring each other's

mouths with intense passion. Their entire bodies felt like they were ablaze with unrestrained euphoria. Eleven had only just felt her first climax, but she somehow knew that this passionate lovemaking was special somehow.

Outside, Will quickly shook his member, letting the last drops of urine escape, and slammed his other hand against the fixture's handle. As the loud flushing noise filled the room, Byers turned for the door, his face crimson as he anxiously willed the bulge in his trousers to shrink.

"Will?" Dustin turned to see his friend leave. He looked back at the stall, reluctant to abandon a prime peeping opportunity, but he knew it wasn't worth upsetting his friend. "Will, wait up!" He hurriedly flushed his own urinal before following the smallest party member out of the door.

The solitude couldn't have returned a moment sooner for Mike and El, as they immediately seized their chance to vocalize their love once more.

"M-Mike, you feel… so a-amazing!"

Wheeler smiled back at her. "Y-you too, El! I-I love you soooo much!"

The pair kissed again, with Mike deciding to mix things up a bit, moving his lips lower to kiss her cheek, before trailing his next few pecks down her neck toward her collarbone. As her boyfriend bathed her body in kisses, working his way to her soft breasts and swollen nipples, El felt her point-of-no-return approaching.

"M-Mike… I-I'm… coming again!"

Mike's lips pursed tightly around her right nipple as he felt the telltale signs of his girlfriend's orgasm taking hold. Her entrance tightened around his rod, squeezing him like she wanted to milk him dry. Eleven's entire body writhed in pleasure, a fire spreading throughout her core as she came nearly three times as hard as her first climax.

Smiling as he successfully brought his dream girl to a second orgasm,

Mike realized he was about to lose control as well. "I-I'm cumming too, El!"

Eleven smiled back. "Sh-should I… take it all?" The words of the other boy echoed in her mind. Remembering the strange liquid that burst from Mike's member, she finally realized what the command referred to.

Mikes eyes widened as the weight of the situation hit him. There was no way he could cum inside Eleven. She still hadn't had a proper explanation of sex and pregnancy, and as much as having a child with the girl of his dreams and staying by her side forever sounded like a perfect life, Mike wasn't going to spring that on El with no warning.

Also Hopper would totally kill him.

No, Mike pulled his hips backward just in time, his swollen cock popping free of El's still writhing hips. Both teens stared in awe as the boy's load erupted forth from his tip, hot gooey cream spurting all over the girl's skin. As Wheeler's hips continued to buck into the air mindlessly with each pulse, Eleven's thighs, stomach and breasts were coated with her boyfriend's seed – a few stray drops even splattering her chin.

His legs weak from the most intense orgasm of his teenage life, Michael Wheeler embraced his equally spent girlfriend for support, staring into her big brown eyes once again as content smiles formed on their sweat-soaked faces.

Still speechless as they caught their breath, they looked down at the mess Mike had made of El's pale body. The boy prepared to apologize for his last minute decision, but his girlfriend already had the perfect response in mind.

"It's a good thing… I got naked."

Mike couldn't help but laugh between gasps for breath. "I love you soooooo much, El…."

"I love you too, Mike."

The lovers kissed one final time, basking in the afterglow of their lovemaking and embracing each other's' sweaty naked forms. They knew they'd have to clean themselves up and get dressed eventually, but the teens were going to make the moment last as long as possible.

It was nearly twenty minutes later when a worried Dustin spotted El and Mike approaching the remaining party members by the gym doors. "Where were you guys, we were looking everywhere?!"

Mike tried not to look too suspicious as he cleared his throat. "El… got lost… trying to find the bathroom. So I went looking for her and showed her the way."

Lucas raised an eyebrow as he scanned his returning friends. "Weren't you wearing a sweater?"

The group looked down at Mike's shirt. The teen had stowed the garment away before returning to the dance, worrying that the stains might give away the real story.

"I... was feeling a little hot, so I took it off?"

Lucas still felt like there was something his best friend was hiding, but Will interrupted before he could raise any more concerns.

"We're just glad you're back. You know we take missing friends seriously." The group laughed a bit at the lighthearted reference to their previous experiences.

Max stepped forward and gave El an awkward smile. 'Next time, just ask me if you need to find a girls' room." The party's newest member knew she and El hadn't started off on the right foot, but she was doing her best to gain the mage's confidence.

El smiled back. "Th-thanks… Max."

Dustin's eyes suddenly grew. "Oh, shit! I forgot I had something to tell you guys!" Will started to turn red and covered his face as Lucas and Max gave each other a pained look. "Me and Will heard this couple totally going at it in the boys' room earlier! It sounded like some pretty hot sex!"

Mike froze up for a moment, as he turned to watch El's reaction out of the corner of his eye. Did Dustin suspect it was them? Either way, he knew El's favorite mantra. Was she about to blurt the truth out to all of their friends?

"What is… *sex*?"

Mike let out a massive sigh of relief as he saw the convincing look of confusion on his girlfriend's face.

Max rolled her eyes and grabbed hold of El's hand. "Don't listen to the perv here. I'll explain everything to you so these *boys* don't get any funny ideas."

As Max led her newest friend away from the party, El turned to look at her boyfriend, giving him a brief knowing smile. Mike grinned back. He couldn't believe what an amazing girlfriend he had managed to land.

"So anyway, they were totally moaning, like '*Unh! Oh! Unh!*'"

The party's leader turned back to Dustin as he continued his exaggerated recap of the night's events. Wheeler rolled his eyes.

"Sure they were, Dustin."

I hope you guys really enjoyed this one! A lot of comments and messages I got about my other fic were about how readers couldn't wait for some Mileven action, so I figured I'd write a one-shot devoted to the couple before returning to the other fic.

Hope this satisfied the appetites of everyone looking for something more fluffy and romantic than Naked Boys in Hawkins. And I'll try and get another chapter of that or another one-shot up soon!

Please leaves reviews or message me to let me know what you think or if there are any other ideas you want!

And please don't hesitate to put your own ideas to text if you're feeling creative! I love reading others' smut! :D